



**HANDEL COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL, 1859.--**

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The Directors have the pleasure to announce that this great CENTENARY MUSICAL FESTIVAL, the preparations for which have occupied the closest consideration for nearly three years, will take place as follows:—

**MESSIAH** .. .. . Monday, June 20th.  
**DETTINGEN TE DEUM**, with selections from **BELSHAZZAR**, .. .. . Wednesday, June 22nd.  
**SAUL, SAMSON, JUDAS MACABEUS, &c.** .. .. . Friday, June 24th.  
**ISRAEL IN EGYPT** .. .. .

Commencing each day at One o'clock.  
 The Orchestra in the Great Transept, now being extended to the clear width of 216 feet, (or double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral,) will be rendered capable of accommodating nearly **FOUR THOUSAND CHORAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS**, who will be selected with the greatest care from the various metropolitan, provincial, and continental orchestras, cathedral choirs, and choral associations, presenting a combination of musical executive talent far exceeding any previous undertaking.

The Orchestral arrangements for this unparalleled musical congress will be under the direction of **THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.**

**CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.**

Tickets will be issued according to priority of application at the following rates:  
 Central Numbered Stalls, { Two Guinea and Half the set for the three days,  
 in lettered blocks .. .. . or if for one or two days' Performances only, One  
 Guinea each.

Seats not numbered, but { Twenty-five shillings the set, or Half-a-Guinea each  
 reserved in side-blocks .. .. . for one or two days' Performances.

Preference will be given to applications for sets of tickets.  
 The ticket offices at the Crystal Palace, and at No. 2, Exeter Hall, are now open for the issue of vouchers; where the plans of seats may be inspected, and the full programme of arrangements, with block plans, may be had on either written or personal application. No application can be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance of the amount; and all cheques or post-office orders sent to either office, are to be made payable to the order of **GEORGE GROVE, Esq.**, Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company.

By order,

**GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.**

March 10th, 1859.

**THE LONDON GLEE and MADRIGAL UNION beg**

to announce the **FIRST of a SERIES of FIVE AFTERNOON VOCAL CONCERTS**, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday next, April 4th. Principals—Miss Wells, Miss Spiller (R.A.M.), Miss Eyles, Messrs. T. Young, Baxter, R. Hamby, W. H. Cummings, Howe, A. Thomas, Wallworth, and Lawler, assisted by a select choir. Conductor, **Mr. LAND**. The Directors have the pleasure of announcing that **Mr. Thomas Oliphant** (Hon. Sec. to the Madrigal Society) will intersperse the performances with notices, remarks, and annotations. To commence at Three. Stalls, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Tickets to admit Three, 7s. 6d. Subscription Stalls, numbered for the Series (transferable), One Guinea, with Programme, at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond-street; and Messrs. Lender, 63, New Bond-street. Communications to be addressed to **Mr. Land**, 4, Cambridge-place, Regent's-park.

**HERR S. LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that**

he will give **THREE MATINEES**, for Classical Pianoforte Music, on the Mondays, April 11, and May 2nd. Vocalists: Miss Mahlah Homer, Miss Gerard, and Herr Harold Tellefsen. Instrumentalists: Mr. Bemoey, Herr C. Deichman, Herr C. Gofrie, Mons. Schreurs, Mons. Pague, Mons. Schmidt, Herr Ganz, and Herr Lehmeier. Subscriptions for the Three Matinees, £1 1s.; Single Ticket, 10s. 6d. To be had at Hammond's, 214, Regent-street, and of Herr Lehmeier, 19, Arundel-street, Coventry-street, W.

**HERR JOACHIM begs to announce that he will give**

**THREE CONCERTS** in May, for the performance of Beethoven's Quartets, especially those known as "Posthumous." The names of Subscribers for the Series will be received at Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street. Full particulars with programmes complete) will be duly announced.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN begs to announce a**

**MATINEE of PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, which will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday, May 28, when she will be assisted by Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, and other eminent artists. 15, Albert street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park, N.W.

**MR. GEORGE TEDDER begs leave to inform his**

friends, patrons, and the public, that his Annual Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on Monday evening, April 18th. Full particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, 1s., 2s., and 3s. Family tickets, to admit five to sixteen, 12s. 6d. May be had of Mr. George Tedder, 4, Florence-street, Upper-street, Islington, of all Music-sellers, and at the Hall.

**MISS GEORGIANA COUVES begs to announce that**

her **CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT**, (under distinguished patronage) will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, on Thursday evening, April 7th, commencing at eight o'clock.

**MR. W. EVANS, Tenor, (late studying with Mr**

Frank Mori), is open for engagements, either in Oratorios or Miscellaneous Concerts. For terms, address, 15, College-villas, Great College-street, Camden-town, N.W.

**MR. J. G. PATEY (basso profundo) begs to announce**

that he is in town for the season, and respectfully to request that all communications be forwarded direct to his address, 35, Somerset-street, Portman-square.

**A YOUNG LADY**, Student of the Royal Academy, has part of her time unoccupied, which she is willing to devote to the instruction of pupils in Pianoforte or Singing. Address for Terms, 52, Portman-place, Malda-hill.

**TO AMATEURS.**—Wanted, a Violoncellist to complete a Private Quartet Party, meeting every Monday evening from 8 till 10 o'clock for the practice of classical compositions. No Subscription will be required, and music and an instrument will be provided. Address W. F., 9, Bridgewater-square, Barbican, E.C.

**TO MUSIC-SELLERS.**—A Business to be disposed of in one of the principal towns in the West of England, the position the best in the city; capable of doing any amount of business. Premium £250; stock, if required, taken at a fair valuation. For particulars, address A. B., office of this paper.

**TO ORGANISTS, &c.**—Any person holding a small appointment in or near town can be introduced to an appointment in the North, with teachings, tunings, &c., and likewise a premium. Apply for particulars to Organist, Lower Wynd, Brechin, N.B.

**TO BE DISPOSED OF**, an Old-established Pianoforte and Music Warehouse, in one of the principal towns in the North of England, including a good tuning connection and several agencies, affording a very eligible opportunity for a professional gentleman, the present proprietor (a professor of music) removing to London. For particulars, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

**WANTED**, a good Pianoforte Case Maker.—Apply to Y. Z., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Musical World Office.

**WANTED**, a Situation, in town or country, by a Young Man who is an experienced Pianist and Pianoforte tuner. Address "Metronome," Post-office, Devonport.

Price 7s. 6d., handsomely mounted on Canvas, with Rollers; or 6s. on Paper,

**ENGELKE'S GUIDE**

FOR

**COMPOSERS OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC**

SHOWING AT A GLANCE THE

COMPASS AND RELATIVE POSITION OF THE SCALE OF EVERY INSTRUMENT NOW IN USE.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:**

"This work, as elaborately projected as it is simple in arrangement, has been drawn up in the form of a Table or Chart by Mr. Engelke, whose long and intimate connection with bands and orchestras of every description, and whose experience in instrumental arrangements, fully qualified him for the task. The Guide offers to composers of every grade, as well as to amateurs and students of composition or orchestration, a means which will enable them, at once, to write for every instrument at present used in orchestras and military bands. The table indicates the relative position of the sounds or notes produced by the different instruments as compared with the piano scale, extending over seven octaves, and in a manner sufficiently simple to be understood by the youngest student of music. It shows the compass of all these instruments according to the latest improvements, and, with regard to the trombone, explains, in an extra scale, the principle of the slide-divisions, which enables the composer, in writing for the best instrument, to consult the advantage of the performer.

"The value of this Guide may be inferred from the many instances in which composers, even of repute, have been at a loss to write a melody for E flat piccolo, flauto terzo, and some clarinets. Others again, who attempt writing for horns and trumpets, completely fail, merely from want of knowing the relative position of those instruments with regard to the general scale and to each other.

"To all such, and in fact to every one who wishes to compose or arrange for small or large bands, Mr. Engelke's Guide acts as a dictionary. The general scale at the head of the table being understood by everybody, the corresponding columns supply the desired knowledge.

"It is this peculiarity, and the facility it affords to composers to write for every instrument with effect, which the Guide has a just right to claim. Its arrangement is altogether so unflinching and clearly defined, that it is quite as valuable to musical composers as a well-ordered map of London must be to foreigners.—*Musical World*.

"A great sheet in the form of a map, which might be advantageously hung up in all music schools, showing as it does, in a neat tabular form, the compass of the instruments combined in the orchestra, whether the same be civil or military."—*Athenaeum*.

Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street.

## REVIEWS.

*The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book*—by the Rev. R. R. Chope, B.A. (J. Wright)—is an excellent compilation of its kind. The price, being only sixpence, is accommodated to the means of the humbler members of the community, the circulation of the hymn-book among whom (which seems to be the principal object of the Rev. Editor) can hardly fail to do good.

*The Sixth Annual Report of the Tonic Sol-fa Association*, (J. and W. Rider), speaks hopefully of the progress of this new and zealously directed institution. Some future day, when leisure permits, we may possibly recur to this digest of proceedings.

"Oh do not tell me to forget;" "Oh tempt me not from solitude;" "The Bard's welcome"—songs, words and music by Henry Toole (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—pretend, it is true, to no higher rank than can be awarded to drawing-room ballads; but drawing-room ballads may be very good things, and these are without exception charming. There is freshness as well as grace in the themes—a rare occurrence now-a-days—and showing Mr. Henry Toole to be a worthy son of the favoured land, from the harmonious soil of which sprang the world-famous "Irish Melodies." On the other hand, one of the songs more especially—"O tempt me not from solitude"—indicates a love for genuine harmony and a commendable desire to avoid the over-beaten track. Exceptions might be taken here and there; but a composer who possesses so much true musical feeling need not be reminded of his faults; he will find them out and amend them of his own accord. The words to which these songs are wedded reveal a strong poetical sensibility, and are remarkable for not containing a single instance of common-place. By the way, *à propos* to these compositions of Mr. Toole, an example of careful "editing" has occurred which might be a lesson even for *Punch*. Read the following, from the *Dublin Advertising Gazette* of March 30:—

"An article appeared in our journal of the 9th instant, purporting to be a critique on songs recently published, the composition of Mr. Henry Toole. The article slipped into our journal in the hurry of making it up, and in a manner purely accidental. Our columns are at all times open to fair criticism, but never to a piece of malicious personality, which this, upon consideration, proves to be, and bears upon the face of it the impress of malice. The article purports to have been copied from a London paper, which we now find was a misrepresentation, and we regret that it ever found its way into our columns."

We did not see the review which "slipped into" the columns of our Hibernian contemporary so softly, and at the same time efficaciously, or we might possibly have reproduced it out of an innocent love of mischief.

*Les Étoiles et leur langage*—nocturne, composed by Georgiana Holmes (Duncan Davison and Co.)—is a short movement of moderate difficulty, which, without any pretensions display, attains a degree of elegance that can hardly fail to attract. The *Élégie* of Ernst, transcribed for the pianoforte by the same (Robert Cocks and Co.), is an excellent arrangement of that passionate and beautiful piece, which further recommends itself to pianists by a truthful adherence to the original. The nocturne is dedicated to the Countess Stanhope, the transcription of the *Élégie* to Lady Colton Sheppard.

"*Merrily every bosom boundeth*"—four-part song, composed and dedicated to Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, by W. Spark (Leader and Cook)—is a characteristic setting of Moore's "Tyrolese Song of Liberty"—somewhat trying to inexperienced singers, but worth the trouble it may cost to sing it

with fluency and correctness. We should have liked it better with fewer stops; but that is simply a matter of feeling. No doubt Mr. Spark can defend his views. "The French Invasion"—written by A. Irving, B.A., composed by W. Gibbons (J. H. Jewell), is a very good song in its way. In the course of no less than one-and-twenty stanzas the poet sneers, significantly and pleasantly, at the idea of "Mounseer" attacking John Bull, and this sentiment has been embodied by the musician in a hearty and vigorous tune. "The Death Song of Uncas"—tenor song, words by Arthur Matthison, music by J. H. S. Clarke (John Shepherd)—though gloomy, is well-written and expressive. The words are admirable. Uncas is "the last of the Mohicans." Much the same account may be given of "The Blind Girl's Lament"—written, composed, and dedicated to the Duchess of Sutherland by the Hon. Mrs. Norton (Paterson and Sons)—which is certainly better than the ordinary type of such compositions.

Five portraits have come to hand (recently issued by C. Lonsdale, Bond-street), of men who, in their day, acquired musical celebrity of various degrees. The portrait of the great composer, J. L. Dussek, first claims attention. It is a bust likeness, of medium size, in an oval frame, and shows the musician in the zenith of his years. The expression of the face is thoughtful, and the features are regular and remarkably handsome. The hair falling loosely over the brow partly prevents the height and breadth of the forehead from being ascertained. The portrait was painted by R. Cosway, R.A., and engraved by P. Condé.—The portrait of Mr. Samuel Webbe—the well-known writer of glees, who, we are informed in a foot note, gained twenty-seven prizes by his compositions in music—if not so good a work of art, is, in all probability, no less excellent a likeness. It was engraved by W. Skelton, from an original painting by W. Behnes, in the possession of Richard Clark. Webbe's likeness was taken when he was advanced in years. He is represented in a well-padded arm-chair, cogitating haply over some new contribution intended to delight the partakers of a goodly dinner, and looks perilous like a well-content and full-feasted alderman.—James Bartleman was a gentleman of His Majesty's Chapel Royal, and a bass singer of great power and accomplishments. He died in 1821, at the age of fifty-two. The likeness before us is a bust profile in black, relieved by light tints thrown on the hair and shoulders, enclosed in a white scroll. The portrait is small, but elaborately engraved by W. H. Worthington. At the bottom of the picture are printed four bars from Pergolesi's "O Lord, have mercy!"—one of Bartleman's most striking vocal achievements. Beneath all appear two lines signed "T. W.," which, if they speak sooth, make the singer one of the most gifted that ever lived. Here are the lines:—

"Such inspiration on his accents hung,  
'Twas like a voice celestial when he sung."

The portrait of François Cramer is taken from the original picture in possession of Mr. Marshall, Oxford, painted by William Watts, and engraved by Benjamin P. Gibbon. It is dedicated, "with respect," to the Conductors of the Music Meetings of the Three Cathedral Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, "by their most obedient humble servant James Wyatt." The portrait is a three-quarter length one, and exhibits the composer in a standing attitude, holding a sheet of music between his hands. The face wears no particular expression beyond that of placidity, and a certain amount of good nature indicated by a faint smile. The forehead is high and expansive, its seeming height, however,



being owing principally to baldness. The use of a massive pair of spectacles adds much character to the features.—The portrait of Henry R. Bishop is a large one in mezzotint, engraved by S. W. Reynolds, from a painting by T. Foster. The composer is represented seated, wrapped in a large cloak, with a deep velvet collar, holding a scroll of music in his right hand. The likeness is striking but flattering, and has evidently been taken in early life. The whole picture is admirable, and, as the best likeness of the composer extant, is entitled to the consideration of musicians.

### MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE third concert of this already powerful institution took place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when the following was the eminently interesting programme:—

#### PART I.

Selection from the opera "Idomeneo, Rè di Creta" Mozart (1781).  
Overture.  
Chorus, "O voto tremendo!" and solo, Mr. Tennant.  
March of Priests.  
Air, Idomeneo, "Vedrommi intorno," Mr. Tennant.  
Chorus and solo, "Placido è il mar," Mad. Catharine Hayes.  
Air, Ilia, "Se il padre perdei," Mad. Catharine Hayes.  
Chorus and solo, "Qual nuovo terrore," Mr. Tennant.  
Concerto in F minor, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.  
W. Sterndale Bennett.

#### PART II.

Symphony in C "..." "..." "..." Franz Schubert.  
Air, "Va, dit-elle," "Robert le Diable," Mad. Catharine Hayes } Meyerbeer.  
Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits" "..." "..." C. M. von Weber.

This presents three important points for especial consideration; first, the introduction to the musicians of London of the Symphony of Schubert, which has awakened the enthusiasm of all the greatest artists, and called forth the eulogy of all the soundest critics in Germany, but which, circumstances, or the want of power to control them, have hitherto withheld from our audiences; second, the revival of some portions of an opera of Mozart, which is as little known as it is greatly meritorious, and many associations with which combined to give it as high an interest as does its transcendent beauty; and, third, the inclusion of the noble Concerto of Sterndale Bennett, an act of policy, which, like the performance of *May Day*, and of the three dramatic pieces of Purcell, Henry Smart, and John Barnett, at the prior concerts, tends to establish the well-grounded pretensions of English musicians, by proving the fitness of their productions for a position beside those of the most revered masters, and thus to assert the claims of this country to honourable recognition in a survey of the history of the art.

The opera of *Idomeneo* was the work which established the character of its composer, and, possibly on this account, it was always one of his especial favourites. He had during a sojourn in Italy, already, in his very early years, proved a most remarkable power for dramatic composition,—witness the extraordinary beauties in *Mitridate*, written when he was seventeen, and in other operas,—but the acknowledgment of these was almost entirely limited to the immediate arena of their manifestation; and it was not until the Elector of Bavaria gave him the commission to write the present work, for the court theatre at Munich, that the pre-eminent Mozart had ever an opportunity to demand, from the musicians of his native country, the admission of the creative strength, of which, until this trial, he himself can scarcely have known the infinite extent. It would require a summary of the state of music at the time, to show by comparison how vast a step in its advance was made in the present work. The novel phraseology, the unused combi-

nations of harmony, the original forms of construction, and the wholly untried resources of instrumentation, are the technical points which mark *Idomeneo* as the initial work of what may be styled the modern school in music; its wonderfully dramatic character, and the truthful force with which the several phases of passion it embodies are realised, are the poetical qualities which rank it with the masterpieces of every age, and which will render it perpetually modern through all the vicissitudes of caprice, and the fluctuations of fashion. We can trace no record of this opera having ever been presented on the stage in England; it would be useless now to speculate upon the causes which may formerly have hindered its production, but, while asserting its singular excellence, it will not be irrelevant to state the particular accidents of its composition which preclude it from present theatrical performance. These are, the paucity of action in the drama, and the conduct of what little there is, chiefly in recitative; the prevalence of episodic songs, the effect of which has now become tedious upon the stage; and the distribution of the characters—that of the hero, Idamante, having been written for one of the "uomini," so much in esteem at the time, which, with those of Ilia and Elettra, necessitates the engagement of three sopranos, while those of the father (Idomeneo), his confidant (Abace), and the high priest, are all for tenor, and there is no bass in the opera. We refer our readers for an account of the interesting incidents connected with the composition and production of *Idomeneo* to Uelibichef's "Life of Mozart," a translation of which was given in this journal in 1854, and proceed to notice the pieces in the present admirable selection.

The overture is very generally familiar, but not with the inconclusive termination Mozart wrote which connects it, like the overture to *Don Giovanni*, with the first vocal piece in the opera. The broad dignified character of its opening, announces the Cretan monarch who bore Priam's daughter a captive from the siege of Troy; the plaintive pathos of its second theme befits the tender sentiment, which forms a soothing relief to the horrors of the story, and the grand pedal point, the favourite study in tonality and in instrumentation of young musicians, prepares us for the supernatural agency which is the main spring of the action. The chorus, most judiciously chosen to follow the overture, may be regarded as a comment on the chief incident of the tale; it is a truly magnificent expression of profound grief, and shows the transcendent tragic power of its author. Among the many traces of the influence of Mozart upon the genius of Beethoven, one of the most striking, though, from the oblivion in which *Idomeneo* has lain, one of the least recognised, is in the opening movement of the Sonata quasi Fantasia, in C sharp minor, where we find the unquestionable reflex of this beautiful chorus. The March of Priests is a foreshadowing of a piece in the same key in a similar situation, in the *Zauberflöte*. The air of Idomeneo presents some of Mozart's best and most individual characteristics of vocal writing; it is exquisitely melodious, full of passion, and so excellently written for the voice that it absolutely courts the exercise of the singer's highest and most legitimate powers. It is, however, written for the voice of an entirely different range and character from that of the rising singer to whom it was intrusted, to whom therefore, it afforded no scope for his talent, and itself suffered in effect from its unfitness for him. The chorus which occurs in the opera when Elettra is about to set sail on the placid sea for her native land has been appropriated, or rather misappropriated, to Latin words, and is a stock piece in every Romanist chapel in London; its tranquil beauty thus is too well known to need present animadversion. Mozart never wrote anything more lovely than the air of Ilia, which presents the outpouring of a trustful heart, with an effect as spontaneous as the sentiment it depicts is uncontrollable. The instrumentation of this piece with the muted violins, and the prominent parts for four solo wind instruments is conspicuous for its exquisite finish, even among the countless examples of masterly orchestral treatment that distinguish this remarkable work. The finale of the second act concluded the selection; it is by far the most dramatic piece that was given, painting with ideal beauty, and with a power peculiar to

its author, the terrors of the people, who fly from the sea monster that Neptune has sent to devour them, while their king avows that his guilt has drawn upon them the terrible chastisement of the deity.

The performance of this most attractive revival was the least satisfactory of any that has been put forward by the Musical Society. The overture suffered greatly in effect from not being instantly succeeded by the next piece, and this was materially marred by the break that was made between it and the "March" which grows out of it; two dead stops in the course of what should have been continuous destroyed the interest with the connection, and threw a damp over the whole series. Every piece after the first three was, according to our judgment, taken considerably too slow for the character of the music, and general dullness, consequently, took the place of troublous anxiety, hopeful tranquillity, affectionate confidence, and the wild agitation of tumultuous terror. A word of exceptive admiration must, however, separate from this general censure Mr. Tennant's very spirited delivery of the grand and arduous Recitative in the Finale, which showed him to be possessed of qualities for the theatre, which we hope, before long, he may have an opportunity to develop.

The pianoforte concertos of Bennett are the only works of the class that can be ranked with those of Mozart and Beethoven. This we say advisedly; for the beautiful compositions of Mendelssohn for pianoforte and orchestra are, by their exceptional form, placed to a great extent out of comparison with those master-pieces, while those of our countrymen, being constructed on the same model, stand in immediate competition with the pieces to which we refer, and have ample strength to stand this severest test. Perhaps the best of these concertos, if it be possible to signalise one from the others, was that chosen for Wednesday's Concert; it was written in 1840, with the exception of the second movement, which was taken from an unpublished concerto in the same key of four years earlier date. It has not for some considerable time been heard in public, and we were delighted to welcome the return to our familiarity of its infinite beauties. Its performance was in every way worthy of its remarkable merit; the grand earnestness of the first movement, the songful repose of the barcarole, the fiery energy of the finale, and the passages of infinite grace spread through the whole, found all a genial interpretation in Miss Arabella Goddard's beautiful rendering of the principal part, which was supported by the orchestra with a vigorous animation that proved how fully every member of it entered into the spirit of the work, and of its admirable player. Each movement of the concerto was received with such applause as might be supposed to express a national pride in the possession of the best composer for the pianoforte and the best player upon it at present living, as well as an orchestra which no country can surpass.

The examination of Schubert's symphony is a severe task for the critic. If he were to speak from authority he would have the precedent of the whole of Germany for expressing the most unbounded admiration. If he were to speak from the general impression of the present performance, he would have license for disapproval little less qualified. If he were to assert an independent censure, he would be open to charges of egotism from all classes who have by this time formed their judgment of this very important work. To object to the very individual composition of a musician whose smaller productions are each one a proof of such genius as has belonged only to the greatest in the art, would be to counteract the judgment of Mendelssohn, which should be respected by every one who reveres the memory of this master. To applaud the work would be to coalesce with the Philharmonic directors of 1844, who repudiated the recommendation of the author of the Symphony in A minor when he brought this remarkable orchestral composition of Schubert to the trial he was engaged in that season to conduct. We must claim the consideration of these conflicting circumstances in declaring the verdict to which a conscientious review of the work itself, an utter disregard of these circumstances, and an honest wish to avoid their influence, have brought us. It is not too much to advance, that no musician who has written so

much as Schubert has repeated himself so little. His numberless songs are each a type, special and distinct, from all the others; they form a constellation in the firmament of art; but it is a galaxy of fixed stars, every one of which might be the centre of a system, the nucleus of a style in music. As distinct in their expression, and in the ideas through which this is conveyed, as is each of all the host of "Lieder," are those of their composer's instrumental works, which, out of the very far greater number he produced, have as yet been published. One important failing it must, however, be admitted, equally characterises them all; this is, the evidence of the want of that constructive power which is the one particular quality to give value to the creative faculty. The richness of invention displayed in the Symphony before us is profuse as the capacity for order and arrangement is deficient; ideas crowd one upon another with never-ending fertility, but their purposeless repetition annuls the effect of their beauty, and wearies the attention as much as their number and variety exhaust it. A most valuable lesson to the musical student is here presented of the indispensable importance of the rules of form to give coherence, and the intelligibility which can be consequent only upon coherence, even to the most beautiful imaginings. In Schumann's Rhapsody upon this work, he declares it to be a portraiture of Gipsy life, and although this renowned critic's assignment to Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor of the Italian character which especially distinguishes the Symphony in A major of the same composer, would lead us to reject any speculation of a writer who has given such evidence of fitting his judgment to a tradition, instead of referring it to the internal evidence of the work censured,—although we have such solid ground for questioning the validity of any suggestion from such a source—we cannot but feel that the idea of the wild, wandering, impulsive, half-fabulous, and all like-a-dream, romance that is associated with the outcast, nomadic Bohemian tribes, is a key to the author's purpose, which opens a wide channel to interest in his work, if not to its true interpretation. Thus, the strain for the horn, essentially national in its character, with which the symphony opens, may be understood as the signal song of the race, at the sound of which the fugitive people are collected together, then to break forth in reckless exultation in their reckless freedom, which, while it excludes them from the social privileges of citizenship, exempts them, too, from its conventional restraint. Thus, in the *Andante*—the movement of which the beauty is more instantly obvious, more readily recognisable, and more certain of its effect than that of any of the others—we may imagine that love of race, which must replace the devotion to country of every other than the Zingaro people. The exquisitely plaintive melody of its commencement, the broad aspiration indicated by the emphatic chords for the full orchestra, which break in upon this; the mysteriously iterated note for the horn, alternated with strangely changing harmonies, which, with a beauty unique as its effect is singular, precedes a re-entry of the principal theme; and above all, the idea which is introduced with a phrase for the violoncellos, at the beginning of what, in a movement of ordinary proportions, might be described as the coda—these several features, each and together, seem to illustrate and to embellish, while they throw a light upon the longing sadness with which a homeless nation may regard one another, to whom one another present the only objects of hope, the only incentive to endeavour. Thus, the boisterous gaiety of the Scherzo betokens the unbridled liberty of a cast of men, who, parted from their species, rejoice in their daring independence; and so we might continue to analogise to the conclusion of the work, but time and space, the ruthless tyrants, most arbitrary and most absent, imperatively admonish us of the necessity to end this notice. A few words of generalisation must, therefore, suffice for a summary of the work, upon the details of which we have already surpassed our natural limits. The ideas throughout the Symphony are all of a minute character, and the instrumentation is entirely of a piece with the ideas: there is no breadth, there is no grandeur, there is no dignity in either; clearness and contrast, and beautiful finish, are always apparent, but the orchestra, though often loud, is never massive and sonorous, and the music, though

always earnest, is never majestic and imposing. The excessive length of every one of the movements—the fatal characteristic of Schubert as an instrumental writer, to which we have referred—induces, on hearing them, a painful impression of squandered beauties, of the effect of which the want of condensation in the work renders an audience almost insusceptible. In conclusion, we must award the highest encomiums to the Musical Society for the production of this widely reputed work, and we urge them to take no discouragement from the cold reception with which it was greeted: the members, and the whole musical community, have to thank them for the opportunity of judging a work and a man whose merit no less than his fame commands reverence and esteem.

The execution of the Symphony was a miracle of perfection, and reflected the highest honour on every person engaged in it.

The two concluding pieces of the programme were a grateful relief to the attention, overtaxed by the important novelty of the evening.

### CONCERTS.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The last Saturday Concert proved by far the most attractive of the series. The weather was magnificent, such a day, indeed, as is rarely seen in March, and there was no staying within doors. Favouring skies are the surest aids to the Crystal Palace attractions. A wet or a dry day makes an awful difference in the receipts. What a fortune the directors would amass if they could ensure an Italian Spring all the year round! All the attraction, however, must not be attributed to the sun and the west wind. Many, no doubt, were enticed to Sydenham by the programme, which embraced the whole of the music to Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Here was a chance for those who never go to hear an opera in a theatre, and yet who prefer operatic to all other music. Madame Rudersdorf, by education, no less than ability, is well suited to interpret the heroic music allotted to Leonora. Madame Weiss's pure soprano voice was heard to great advantage in Marcellina's part. Mr. Weiss as Rocco, and Mr. Thomas as Pizarro, were both powerful and effective, and Mr. Wilby Cooper gave the tender strains of Florestan in his best manner. The band was admirable, and the music went from beginning to end without a hitch. But that the choral force was not strong enough for the chorus of prisoners and the grand finale to the second act, the performance might be termed irreproachable. Mr. Manns has lighted on a new vein of attraction. Many operatic works of the great masters, from various causes, are never heard on the stage, and are only known by individual pieces introduced into the concert-room. These constitute a mine of wealth which Mr. Manns may explore at his leisure, and dig out the hidden ore. Gluck's operas, for instance—so often promised at our Italian theatres without being performed, as to have merged into a proverb synonymous with the Roman *Punica fides*—are well worthy the attention of the musical director. Some of the works of the early Italian masters, too, might be introduced with effect. Not to go back too far, who would not be delighted and curious to hear Paesello's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, if only to contrast it with Rossini's? In short, Mr. Manns has only to turn his attention to the neglected works of celebrated composers, and the ghosts of a hundred operas will instantly start up pleading for resuscitation. At all events, the immense crowd which assembled last Saturday and occupied every seat in and around the concert-room to hear Beethoven's *Fidelio*, has a significant meaning. At the concert which takes place this day, Miss Arabella Goddard plays Beethoven's pianoforte Concerto, No. 1.

**THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION**, under the direction of Mr. Land, had the honour of performing a selection of madrigals, glees, and part-songs, at the Countess of Hardwicke's reception, in Portman-square, on Wednesday evening last.

**VOCAL ASSOCIATION.**—The great success which attended the two performances of Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria," by the Vocal Association, has rendered it again necessary to repeat it, with the whole of the finale to the opera of *Loreley*, on Wednesday evening next. Two marches, composed for a military band at Dusseldorf by Mendelssohn, and a new cantata, the *Birch-*

*day*, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper (both for the first time in public), will be the additional attractions of the evening's performance.

**THE ROUND, CATCH, AND CANON CLUB.**—The last dinner for the season was given in the Freemasons' Hall on Saturday. Nearly 100 gentlemen dined, and, when the cloth was removed, the club was honoured by the presence of 120 ladies. Mr. Francis (vicar choral of St. Paul's cathedral) fulfilled the duties of chairman, supported by Nicholas Kendall, Esq., M.P., C. A. Moody, Esq., M.P., B. B. Portal, Esq., Mr. Alderman Rose, T. R. Tuffnell, Esq., J. A. Rose, Esq., R. Weir, Esq., Captain Lewis, Daniel Clark, Esq., &c. The music was by the chairman, with Messrs. Lockett, Land, Cummings, Barnby, Gear, Winn, Lawler, Machin, and Bradbury. In proposing the toast of the Prince Consort, the chairman took occasion to hope "that the style of music to which this club is devoted, from its purely English character, might some day meet with more encouragement than it had done of late years."

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The "Beethoven Night" was repeated on Monday with nearly the same programme as that of the preceding concert. The changes included the "Andante," No. 35, for pianoforte solus, in place of the "Sonate Pathétique," and the quintet in C major, for the quartet in C minor. The pianoforte "Andante" is one of the most melodious and beautiful of all Beethoven's contributions to the instrument. As a single movement, it is absolutely unparalleled. It is a plaintive song from first to last, varied and developed with magical art. The "Sonate Pathétique" was a great loss, but the "Andante" made ample amends in supplying its place. The most delicate, refined, and intensely expressive playing alone could realise the composer's poetical imaginings. Miss Arabella Goddard's performance was everything that could be desired. The audience were wrapt in attention throughout, and applauded the fair artist with enthusiasm at the end. The "Kreutzer Sonata" was again the special feature of the evening, and again received with every demonstration of delight, the inevitable consequence of such a work executed by two such artists as Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski.

The concert on Monday is devoted to Bach and Handel. The first part is allotted to the former: the second to the latter.

### PROVINCIAL.

A CORRESPONDENT from LEICESTER writes that the "Messrs. Henry and Alfred Nicholson gave their annual concert on Monday evening at the New Music Hall. The attraction of Handel's *Messiah*, with Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas, as principal vocalists, the chorus of the Leicester New Philharmonic Society, and a good local band, strengthened by additions from the neighbouring towns, sufficed to draw the largest audience ever assembled in this city. The performance was in every respect admirable. Our great English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, created a profound impression by his magnificent delivery of the music allotted to him. The energy and power with which he gave 'Thou shalt break them,' brought down a perfect storm of applause, a tribute not only of admiration to the singer, but of satisfaction at so convincing a proof of the complete restoration of his unequalled powers after so long and severe an illness. Our old favourite, Mrs. Sunderland, sang as she always does in this oratorio, and achieved her wonted success. Mr. Thomas, whose steady advancement to the foremost rank of English basses is a source of much gratification to his friends here, gave with great effect, 'Why do the nations,' and 'The trumpet shall sound,' the difficult *obbligato* to which was excellently played by Mr. J. A. Smith. Miss Palmer, who was previously a stranger here, made a highly favourable impression, and the future announcement of her name will always be welcome to a Leicester audience. The magnificent choruses were given with the utmost precision by the choir of our new society, which has been trained carefully by Mr. H. Nicholson. Though comparatively small (only one hundred voices) it will bear comparison with even the far-famed Yorkshire choirs. The organ was judiciously handled by Mr. G. A. Lohr, and the performance was conducted by Mr. Alfred Nicholson, with his accustomed ability. The audience gave a satisfactory proof of good taste in the fact of only some five or six persons, out of at least 1,800, leaving the hall before the conclusion of the oratorio."



The *Glasgow Daily Bulletin* writes as follows:—In the course of a provincial tour, Dr. Mark and his Little Men paid the city a visit yesterday. They performed three times in the City Hall, and were greeted with the warmest enthusiasm. It is no small treat of itself to see a little fellow, performing on the violin some of the most difficult passages, in size a third shorter than a violoncello! Merely to witness the precocity of youth in music when under the care of such a teacher as Dr. Mark, the "Little Men" are worth hearing. They perform with a precision in regard to time almost perfect, and the tones produced by all on their respective instruments are as true as they are distinct and clear. The public appearances of these little fellows must not be mistaken in their object. Dr. Mark's intention is less to amuse than instruct. He wishes to show that the art of music has a wider mission than the schools have yet assigned it. With an energy and a self-will almost equal to a Howard, he has tried to demonstrate, that, under proper tuition, youths taken at random may be made first-rate musicians. Assuming that all have the gifts of time and tune, he labours, and has done, with great success to develop them. In a programme before us, Dr. Mark lays down a few philosophical beliefs, and then introduces us to how he has set about putting these into practice. He has established an institution in Manchester—"The Royal College of Music"—and thus engages his little men:—"I take them from five to nine years of age, indiscriminately; availing myself of native talent only. I apprentice them for three years. During that time I give them a sound musical and general education—clothe and keep them, all gratuitously; receiving merely as a *quid pro quo*, their services in performing at my concerts." They are all total abstainers, and, judging from the active, modest, and mannerly appearance of the little men, on the platform, they are well trained. Dr. Mark further tells us that his object is to teach the boys how to blend music with general education, and also with their future occupation as apprentices. To those who have seen, or who may yet see them, we may mention how they have been drilled. They rise in summer between six and seven o'clock; in the winter between seven and eight o'clock. They have to attend prayers at eight o'clock; breakfast at half-past eight; from nine to twelve writing and reading, dictation and arithmetic, theory and practice of music; from twelve to one they have a play-hour to themselves; from 1 to 2, dinner; from 2 to 5, same as from 9 to 12, except an afternoon concert; from 5 to 6 they have another play-hour; from 6 to 7, tea; from 7 to 10, evening concert, and when they leave the concert-room they have their supper, say their prayers, and go to bed. That the little fellows do not count this too hard work is seen in their affection for their teacher. With scarce enough of physical energy to tune their instruments, the violinists surround him, eager who is to be served first; and on his smile or his frown evidently depends their pleasure for a day. The Doctor seldom does the latter—he seldom needs, indeed, for the behaviour of the little fellows is beyond praise. We may mention that they are all vocalists as well as instrumentalists—Dr. Mark develops the musician thoroughly. Miss Ada Perry is a young pianist of great promise, and her performance of "Home, sweet Home," yesterday, was very pretty. With an enthusiasm equal to that of Julien, Dr. Mark claims the support of all who would wish to see music a branch of national education. The people of this country cannot too soon know that Dr. Mark is at present solving a problem at which Mr. Curwen is nibbling, and that in these concerts he cares not so much for audiences as the good opinion of those who may be present. The Doctor has no personal end to serve, and therefore let us anticipate for him, in Scotland, at least, the only gain he seeks—the opportunity to do good, by showing how all can be made musicians.

*Savender's News Letter* gives a long account of Sig. Verdi's *Macbeth*, which has just been given in Dublin. We extract some passages:—"The libretto follows the original with average fidelity, but only conveys a faint tracery of that which is instinct with life and reality; and Cibber's 'improvements' would rank in the same category with the Italianised version, but that the text is meant only as a medium for suggesting situations and incidents, to be worked out by the composer. It is not a little singular that the opera of *Macbeth*, although brought out at La Pergola originally in 1847, has never been included in the repertoire of the London theatres; but this may be to a certain extent accounted for by the fact that the leading parts are for a *contralto* and *baritone*, and, with few exceptions, nothing becomes very popular when the *soprano* and *tenor* voices are either disregarded or made subsidiary. It is said that Verdi, before he engaged in the undertaking, studied Locke's music; but if the statement be true, he has not followed the style or pursued the same course of thought. Nor has he imitated M. Chelard, who adapted the same story, and sought to give a local colouring by interweaving "Auld Lang Syne" with the ballet. The

choruses and concerted airs constitute the best and most striking portion of Verdi's *Macbeth*. In the finale to the first act, after the discovery of the murder of the King, the unaccompanied voices sustain a dirge-like theme, and the whole winds up with an energetic movement. The finale to the second act also calls for notice from the pleasing character of the principal motive. In the incantation scene of the third act there is not in the opening music a sufficient feeling of awe, but it becomes dramatic and impressive as the visionary kings pass on the distant heath, and a delicious strain of melody, with harp accompaniment, marks the departure of the aerial spirits. The chorus of exiles in the fourth act, 'Patria oppressa,' is telling and impressive, and the concerted airs are marked by more than ordinary interest. The great want in the opera is of solos or duets, which would have some record upon the memory, and be hummed over after the falling of the curtain. The link of melody to connect the chain of sound is too feeble, and the notes are lost to recollection."

If our readers can make anything of the above, it is more than we can do ourselves. It only remains to add, that the parts of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* were sustained by Sig. Graziani and Mad. Viardot Garcia; Banquo, by Sig. Lanzzone, Macduff, by Signor Corsi. The opera was well received.

From the Oxford Journals we learn that Mr. Dewe of the City Public Library, gave a benefit concert at the Town Hall, on Tuesday. The vocalists were Miss Fanny Rowland, Mr. George Tedder, and the Oxford Glee and Madrigal Union. Miss Fanny Rowland obtained much applause in Haydn's *canzonet*, "My mother bids me bind my hair," and the air from Donizetti's *Belly*, "In questo semplice." Mr. George Tedder sang the songs "Fare-thee-well, my own true love," "Good bye, sweet-heart," "Then you'll remember me," and the "Death of Nelson." He is a great favourite at Oxford, and is commended on all sides for his fine voice and good taste. Several part-songs and glees were given by the glee and Madrigal Union, and the whole concert passed off with *éclat*.

Our correspondence from Bath speaks in high terms of the fifth evening concert of the Bath Glee and Madrigal Society, which took place on Thursday (the 24th ult.), in the Assembly Rooms. The programme included Haydn's Mass No. 2, and selections from Handel, Haydn, and Mr. Costa's *Eli*. Miss Stabbach, Mr. Perren and Mr. Lawler, were the solo singers. Everything went off well. The choruses were effectively given, and Mr. Perren received an encore for "In native worth," which he sang with remarkable taste. The choral and vocal solo performances were most agreeably varied by two pianoforte pieces—Beethoven's *Andante* in F (No. 35), and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." "A more brilliant reception," says our correspondent, "was never accorded in Bath to any artist of celebrity. And well did Miss Goddard merit the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon her efforts. Unanimously recalled and encored after both performances, for the first piece she substituted Heller's *Improvisation* on Mendelssohn's air, 'On Song's bright pinions,' and, for the second, Thalberg's 'Last rose of summer.' Her success was, in short, triumphant." The Assembly Rooms were crowded in every part, nearly 1000 persons having been present.

MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT has the honour to announce that the FIRST OF THREE CHAMBER CONCERTS OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday Afternoon, April 11, commencing at Half-past Three o'clock, at which he will be assisted by Sig. Fiatti, M. Sinton, Mr. S. Cowell, M. Schreurs, Mr. S. Pratten, Mr. Crozier, and Mr. C. Harper. PROGRAMME.—Quartet (E Flat), Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, MM. O. Goldschmidt, Sinton, Schreurs, and Fiatti. 1. Allegro; 2. Larghetto; 3. Finale; Mozart. Variations Sérieses (Op. 54), Pianoforte Solo, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt; F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Sonata, Pianoforte and Violoncello, (G minor, Op. 5), MM. O. Goldschmidt and Fiatti. 1. Adagio and Allegro; 2. Rondo allegro; Beethoven. Grand Septuor (D minor, Op. 74), for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe Horn, Alto, Violoncello, and Double Bass, MM. O. Goldschmidt, S. Pratten, Crozier, C. Harper, Schreurs, Fiatti and Howell. 1. Allegro; 2. Scherzo e trio; Andante con variazioni; 4. Finale; I. N. Hummel. The second and third Chamber Concerts will be given on Saturday Morning, May 7, and Saturday Morning, May 21, for which M. Joachim and other eminent artists are engaged. Subscription to the three concerts, to reserved and numbered seats £1 1s.; to unreserved seats, 15s. For a single concert, reserved seats, 10s. 6d. each; unreserved seat, 7s.—Applications for tickets received at Messrs. Addison and Co's, 210, Regent-street; and Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street.

LOLA MONTEZ (Countess of Landsfeld) will give her POPULAR SERIES OF FOUR LECTURES, at St. James's Hall, on the Evenings of April 7, 8, 14, and 15. Thursday, 7th, Subject, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CHARACTER; Friday, 8th, EUROPEANS IN THE NEW WORLD. Doors open at Seven, to commence at Eight. Carriages ordered at a quarter-past Nine. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved (Balcony) Seats, 3s.; Unreserved, 1s. May be obtained at Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street; Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; Hammond's, 214, Regent-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Chesapeake; and at St. James Hall Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, and during the week, will be presented Shakespeare's historical play of KING HENRY THE FIFTH. The play will be repeated every evening until the 16th of April.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.—We regret not to be able to publish the letter of our correspondent; but we cannot possibly find space for any more letters on the subject. The same answer must be our excuse for not inserting the letter of "The G minor."

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1859.

If the institution of the Musical Society of London is the "great fact" which now most interests the musical profession, that which is of the highest importance to the music-loving public is the establishment of the "Monday Popular Concerts." The new series—"classical series" as it was first called—has succeeded beyond all that was anticipated. Seven concerts have been given, one devoted to Mendelssohn, two to Mozart, one to Haydn and Weber, and three to Beethoven. The eighth on Monday night, will be in honor of Bach and Handel.

Only six performances were originally contemplated, after which we were once again to be consoled with the old "leather and prunella;" but now already eight will have been given, without a thought of leaving off for the present. In the programme of the seventh concert we were agreeably surprised at finding the following announcement:—

"In answer to a great number of inquiries, the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts beg to say that a selection from the vocal and instrumental compositions of Louis Spohr—a selection from the ancient and modern music (vocal and instrumental) of Italy—and a selection from the compositions of living English composers, will be included in the forthcoming arrangements. The directors have also the honour of stating that, in consequence of the success which has attended them, the concerts on the new plan will be continued every Monday until further notice."

So that, after all, the big public is not such a great, big stupid boy as many are inclined to imagine. As a proof of this, even when the stalls are not overcrowded at the Monday Popular Concerts, the *shilling area* is invariably crammed. And whence proceed the heartiest and most enthusiastic plaudits? From the *shilling area*, of course.

Whoever now presumes to doubt the capability of the masses to appreciate and enjoy the best music, may be set down as a very shallow observer, or a very incompetent logician. We have always had faith in the musical sensibility of the people; but we honestly confess that the keen and unaffected enjoyment, by such vast crowds, of works like the Rasounowsky Quartet in F, and the No. 10 (in E flat), on the "Beethoven Nights," surpassed our warmest expectations.

The directors of the Monday Popular Concerts have no choice (and probably now no wish) but to proceed. They are helping to refine and elevate the public taste, while they put money in their pockets, and at the same time win for St. James's Hall the honour and consideration due to a classic temple of art.

THE passage of words between Mr. Gye and Mr. E. T. Smith forcibly recalls to mind the encounter between Sir Kenneth, the Scotch Knight, and Saladin, the Eastern Sultan, on the plains near Ascalon, as narrated in the opening chapter of Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman*. Saladin—whom we may suppose to represent the Covent Garden manager—is described as light, active and wary, with a small scimitar, his only weapon offensive or defensive, mounted on a fine-limbed Arab steed, which he appeared to direct with surpassing skill, and which flew round his antagonist with the speed and agility of a greyhound. Sir Kenneth—whom we may imagine to personify the Drury Lane director—on the other hand, was burly and large, and bestrode a powerful war-horse, of pure Saxon breed, caparisoned from the ears to the fetlocks. He was armed cap-a-pie; and in his right hand he wielded a slashing Andrea Ferrara, while his breast was protected by a stout shield embossed and pointed. Saladin rode round and round the Scottish soldier, seeking to take him unawares, preserving the while the utmost coolness and self-command. Sir Kenneth, perceiving his sole advantage to lie in the defensive, though chafing under his restraint and burning with desire to have at his nimble foe, waited the onset and kept wheeling his horse about as the Sultan galloped in circles near him, but could find no opening for an attack. Thus this preparation for combat endured for a long space, the Sultan finding all his adroitness and skill expended in vain on an opponent who could not be allured from his safeguard; while the Scotchman, alternately muttering prayers and maledictions, not daring to take the initiative in the fight, thirsted for closer conflict to exhibit his superior strength and prowess. It is pleasant to record that the unequal conflict terminated in a parley, and that Saladin and Sir Kenneth quitted the field together on terms of amicable acquaintance. So may the two Royal Italian Opera directors, satisfied that neither can assail the other without first exposing himself to the chances of a defeat, yield up their seeming advantage, and depart from the scene of contention on terms of honorable and friendly rivalry.

When two people are obstinate on one particular point, in nine cases out of ten both are in the wrong. No one, we will venture to assert, who has perused the correspondence published in the *Times* between Mr. Gye and Mr. E. T. Smith, can arrive at the conclusion which is the aggrieved party. Mr. E. T. Smith was perfectly justified in engaging Signor Graziani, when he believed him liberated from his engagement at Covent Garden. Under that impression, too, we believe he pursued a right course in not acceding to Mr. Gye's proposal for an arbitration. The Drury Lane manager had pledged himself in his prospectus as to Signor Graziani's engagement, and, wishing to keep faith with the public, as he invariably has done in his whole managerial career, saw no reason why he should afford the arbitrators the chance of deciding against him. Mr. Gye, on his part, felt himself unjustly treated, that Signor Graziani should endeavour to break his engagement because his arrears had not been paid up in full, which is certainly an unusual course for any paid servant of the public. Mr. Gye asserts in his last letter to Mr. E. T. Smith that he was indebted to Signor Graziani one fortnight's salary only. Now this seems unaccountable, although, of course, we see no reason for doubting the statement. Signor Graziani is not an artist who may be supposed to receive very high terms, and consequently the infringement of an agreement for a sum comparatively trifling, does not place the singer in the best possible light. Whether the law will sanction the breach



of articles for non-payment of this sum, upon declaration of the artist previously supplied; or whether, in spite of default, the law, regarding the power of the creditor to proceed by action, would still hold the compact binding, remains to be seen. Mr. E. T. Smith, convinced of the righteousness of his claims, will only abide by the decision of a court of justice; while Mr. Gye, equally satisfied of the equity of his cause, is content to await the judgment of the legal authorities.

In all probability, when the legal proceedings now pending have terminated, it will be discovered that both managers have acted upon justifiable grounds, and that the artist alone, from ignorance of the law, or from imprudent counsel, has been led into error. Signor Graziani, nevertheless, is not likely to suffer for his folly. The public are too apt to account a man celebrated who is merely notorious. The Italian barytone, who had heretofore achieved an average popularity, is about to make himself famous, or rather to be made famous, through the instrumentality of the two managers. Signor Graziani's name has not been associated with the names of first-rate artists. A good voice, an agreeable and unpretending style, are his special recommendations. He does not fill the space left void by former renowned barytones. He is no successor to Tamburini or Lablache. He is unequal to the principal personages in Mozart's operas—unsuited both vocally and histrionically for Don Giovanni or Count Almaviva. Neither can he sing the florid music of Rossini. In the music of Signor Verdi alone, and in one opera of that composer, Signor Graziani made a decided hit. Conte di Luna was exactly fitted to his voice, and "Il balen" was his vocal triumph. And this constitutes the singer's sole claim to managerial and popular consideration. Barytones with good voices, however, are so rare, that it was worth the while of any manager to secure Signor Graziani. Hence Mr. Gye's anxiety to retain, and Mr. E. T. Smith's desire to engage him. Between the efforts of the two directors, the singer is likely to achieve a celebrity he never could have hoped to obtain through his talents.

AVAST heaving—you great unwieldy sea-calf, who, having returned home most unwelcome, *via* Southampton, tell your land-lubberly cousins, that, while you were doubling the Cape of Good Hope, you saw the Flying Dutchman in full sail. We don't care about the falsehood of the thing. You may spin a yarn, as you will, as long as Mr. Edmund Falconer's last new play, which is called *A Dream of Venice*, and is supposed to represent a dream of the "Seven Sleepers." Yarn-spin, bow-draw, as you please, but don't say that the Flying Dutchman is a ship. If the Flying Dutchman is a ship—think of your responsibility, miserable sea-calf—the literary man must starve. Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Lytton, Carlyle, Reynolds, will all perish, like so many Ugolini, if the Flying Dutchman is a ship.

For the literary man's brains are his bread, whence his head may be compared to a quatern loaf. This being the case, it follows, as a logical consequence, (*vide* the Organum of Aristotle, *passim*) that the literary man will die, if the Flying Dutchman is a ship.

What, then, is the Flying Dutchman? Is the Flying Dutchman a man? No,—most emphatically no. Mr. Edward Fitzball says that it was a man, named Vanderdecken, and that he wrote a play about it for the amusement of Charles II., when, under the influence of Louis XIV., an attempt was made to get up a national feeling

against the Dutch in general, whether flying or not. But Edward Fitzball is a being of wide imagination, and has grown more oriental than ever since he has published an Eastern tale in verse, with a gilt cover and pretty pictures. We will not, therefore, call Edward Fitzball as a witness to decide a matter of fact.

The Flying Dutchman is neither man nor ship, but merely a myth, and a myth is to a literary man what a bit of putty is to an idle child—a thing that he has a right to mould into whatever shape he pleases. Nay, if the myth resist the moulding of the literary man, the brain of the latter will become fly-blown and will cease to be the wholesome bread, on which he ought to live.

Thus, Romulus is a myth; therefore, the literary man is at liberty to say that he was Lord Mayor of London—the very Sir Nicholas Wotton, whose pageant in honour of Henry V. is so gorgeously reproduced by Mr. Charles Kean. A centaur is a myth, commonly supposed to be half-man, half-horse, but the literary man is not bound to adopt this vulgar hypothesis. He may, if he pleases, say that a centaur is half ale and half porter—"half and half" *par excellence*. The accomplished letter-writer, who informed the editor of the *Times* that a real bull-fight was about to take place in Leicester-square, was also a myth, and wrote myths more wonderful than himself; therefore, the literary man may, if he thinks proper, declare that the epistle emanated from the Earl of Derby.

It is not without high authority that we state the extraordinary privileges of the literary man. To the great lyrical poet, to whom London is indebted for the English version of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, are we indebted for an important accession to our knowledge, as we gratefully prove by reprinting the following letter:—

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—Your notice of *William and Susan* in to-day's impression states, for the second time, that "Mr. Reynoldson should be reminded that 'the Flying Dutchman' was not a man, but a ship."

Now, Sir, it strikes me that "the Flying Dutchman" was neither a "man" nor a "ship," but merely a myth.

If so, have I not classical, and poetical, and lyrical license to transform and treat a myth as I please?

A literary man's brains are his bread, and if he supinely allows them to be fly-blown he may starve.

You, will, therefore, I am sure, in justice to me, give currency to these few lines.

March 28.

Sir, your obedient servant,

T. H. REYNOLDSON.

AT MAIDSTONE the "Operetta Company" have been giving a series of performances. Mrs. Enderssohn's singing in Mr. Palgrave Simpson's *Caught and Caged*, is highly spoken of.

MADAME LOLA MONTEZ, COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD, the well-known *ex-danseuse*, has announced the reading of her lectures on English and American character, at St. James's Hall. These lectures have excited considerable attention in Ireland and the English provinces, where Madame Lola Montez has been exhibiting her newly-discovered talents for the last few months.

NEW ORATORIO.—Mr. Charles Horsley has completed a new oratorio, called *Gideon*, which is to be given for the first time at the Glasgow Festival, in the autumn.

VIENNA.—At the third concert of the Society of Vienna, M. Hector Berlioz's *Fuite en Egypte* was received with immense acclamations. Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *Saul*, was executed on the 21st ult., by the Academy of Singing. The Gesang-Verein gave its first concert in the Salle des Redoutes. M. Servais, the violoncellist, had arrived, and Madame Lafont, the new *prima donna* for the Italian Opera, was expected to make her *début* on the first instant.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

## THE APOLLO AND MARSYAS.

SIR,—The question put to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Friday last by Mr. Coningham, is of interest to those who have at heart the well-being of our National Gallery.

The picture alluded to, "The Apollo and Marsyas," is without question the finest work of art that has been on sale in our generation. No one can now successfully question its authenticity, as the internal and external evidence in its favour is of the strongest kind. In the large collection of the Art Treasures at Manchester, containing many beautiful specimens of the same great master, there were none comparable to the picture in Mr. Morris Moore's possession. Neither the collection of Lord Ward, nor of the Earl of Ellesmere—no, nor even that of the Louvre—afford an example of Raffaele's hand so complete. In fact, a comparison with the "Apollo and Marsyas," suggests a doubt of the authenticity of several so-called Raffaeles in the collections above named. When we consider the enormous sums that have been squandered away of late years in the purchase of works of very questionable merit, it is a disgrace to us to allow so great a treasure to be passed by.

The National Gallery authorities are interested in preventing this picture from being purchased. Mr. Morris Moore can never be pardoned by them, but the country ought not to lose a great work of art to gratify the private pique of its paid agents. It is unfortunate that the public do not in the mass understand the subject, or we might hope that it would be taken up and the evil corrected.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

J. G. WALLER.

68, Bolsover-street, Portland-place, March 29.

## MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA.

(From a Paris Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday, March 31st.

ALL musical Paris is in a ferment of excitement and expectation. The new work of the illustrious composer of the *Huguenots*, announced for many weeks under the title of *Dinorah*, will be produced on Saturday with a new designation. Why the original name should be altered, and with whom the change originated, has not transpired. *Dinorah* was the title chosen in the first instance by the authors of the book, MM. Carré and Jules Barbier, and, as it was the name of the heroine, and was novel and euphonious to boot, it seems a pity it should be displaced. When it was determined to have a new designation, the authors selected *Le Pardon de Notre-Dame d'Auray*, and submitted it to the Censor, who objected on religious grounds; and then MM. Carré and Jules Barbier, after much reflection, determined upon *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, which passed muster with the literary watchdog. The word "pardon" must not be translated literally. It means, in the instance of Meyerbeer's opera, a peculiar kind of religious festival, or ceremony, the call to which is denoted by three tolls of a bell at different intervals. In fact it is an old Catholic rite, long since fallen into disuse, which formerly prevailed throughout France and the Netherlands, and was even to be found in some of the Spanish and Portuguese states. As the "Pardon" involves not only religious observances, but feasts and holiday amusements, it was selected by the authors as affording the composer an admirable opportunity of exhibiting one of the most eminent peculiarities of his style in the amalgamation of the ecclesiastical with the secular element, which he has employed with such wonderful effect in *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète*.

The story, though complicated, is interesting and striking. Some of the incidents are singularly dramatic, and the authors, under the supervision of M. Meyerbeer, himself an inimitable judge of effect, have taken special pains to avoid prolixity or tameness in any one scene. The plot may be thus briefly unfolded:—

A young goat-herd, Hoël, and Dinorah, a year before the action takes place, were on the eve of being united in marriage at the altar of the church of Notre Dame, in the village of Auray, when the ceremony was interrupted by a tremendous storm, and a thunderbolt falling destroyed the cottage of

Dinorah's father. Hoël yielded up all his worldly possessions to enable the father of his betrothed to rebuild his cottage, and was persuaded by a village sorcerer to hide himself in a neighbouring forest, for the space of a twelvemonth, when immense wealth would be the immediate consequence of his temporary concealment. The year has just elapsed, and the action commences. The sorcerer has been summoned away by death, who grinned at his conjurations, but not until he has betrayed to Hoël the place where the money is concealed, and informed him of certain conditions annexed to the recovery of the treasure, namely, that he who first touches the stone under which it is hidden will die before the expiration of a year. This is a decided poser for Hoël, who now, after the fashion of Caspar in *Der Freischütz*, looks about him for a substitute and a victim. Corentin is an artist who displays his talents by performing on the bagpipes. Moreover, he is the nephew of the deceased sorcerer, and, to conclude, the veriest coward in the canton. Notwithstanding his timidity, Corentin is as fond of money as the bravest man who ever lived, and, when Hoël acquaints him with the secret of the treasure, only concealing the appended formula, is ready to face the devil himself, provided there is no danger. Corentin, directed by his friend Hoël to the secret spot in the "Accursed Valley," is just on the point of removing the stone, when he hears a voice in the distance singing a romance, in which the legend of the treasure, and the fatal consequence to the discoverer are related. The state of Corentin's mind may be imagined, and nothing but cowardice prevents him from taking signal vengeance on his friend Hoël, for the trick intended him. He does not, nevertheless, forego his idea of the golden prize—so much does cupidity overcome faintheartedness—but determines to select as his victim the singer of the legend, who proves to be Dinorah, who, on the desertion of Hoël, has lost her reason, and has become a wanderer among the mountains. It is not easy to instruct one who has got no understanding. Corentin, however, contrives, by great ingenuity and reiterated teaching, to lead Dinorah to follow his directions. The moment arrives: the young girl is about to remove the magic stone, when the tinkling of a goat's bell is heard, and Dinorah, diverted from her purpose, follows the goat, whom she recognises as an old favourite. She is overtaken by a storm, and carried away, by the overflowing of a torrent, to seeming destruction. Her life, however, is not sacrificed, as may be imagined. She is rescued from her perilous situation by her lover, whose voice brings back her reason. Finally, she is conducted with great pomp and splendour to the Chapel of Notre-Dame, when she is at last in reality united to Hoël.

No one can pretend to say that this is a perfect plot; but the situations are eminently striking, and the very highest success is anticipated for the scene in the last act with the storm and the escape of Dinorah.

Of the music all who have heard it speak in terms of rapture. The composer, they assert, has surpassed himself, and they pronounce the *Pardon de Ploërmel* as his masterpiece in the Opéra-Comique school. However, this will soon be decided. There is no chance of procuring a seat for the first six performances, and fabulous sums have been offered for places on Saturday. I believe there is no chance of the opera being postponed beyond Saturday. Indeed, but for the scene-painters it would have been brought out last week.

A marked difference will be observed between Meyerbeer's new opera and his former works. The chorus plays but a secondary part in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. To make amends for this unusual departure from his habitual style, a greater degree of novelty and freshness is imparted to the solos, duets, and concerted pieces. A new effect is obtained in the overture by the employment of a hymn to the Virgin, sung behind the scenes, and repeated in the last *finale*. This is not the first time, it will be remembered, that Meyerbeer has travelled out of the orchestra to obtain an effect in an overture, that to the *Camp of Silesia*, or the *Etoile du Nord*, involving the use of a brass band behind the curtain. Among the pieces which are expected to make the greatest impression are, the grand tenor air for Hoël in the first act; the buffo

song for Corentin; the "shadow air" in the second act; the trio with bell accompaniment; the *berceuse* for Dinorah; the "paternoster" arranged as a quatuor; the song of the mower; the romance of Hoël; a duet between Hoël and Corentin; ditto between Hoël and Dinorah; and the last chorus, which is worked up with some effects altogether novel.

The Opéra-Comique will absorb all the musical interest of Paris for months to come, or I have been misinformed. Anything less than a triumphant success would not satisfy M. Meyerbeer's friends; and a triumphant success, I think, may be anticipated.

## FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent).—If I remember right, Beethoven in *Fidelio* and Rossini in the *Barber of Seville*, furnish the only examples of composers having taken the subject of an opera already enjoying great popularity, and treated it with such eminent success as entirely to throw the original into the shade of oblivion. Paer's *Leonora* was once held in high repute, and Paesello's *Barbieri di Siviglia* at one time was reckoned the *chef-d'œuvre* of the melodious master; and yet both have been set aside to make room for works of superior merit. It is not at all likely that M. Gounod's new opera will exert a similar influence over the *Faust* of Spohr. Why so hackneyed and unamiable a subject for dramatic purposes should have been selected it is difficult to say. Perhaps M. Gounod was desirous of avoiding subjects entirely human, and thought he might succeed better, and might more easily evade comparison, by dealing with the world of spirits. If this was his idea, he must have forgotten that Marguerite is as much a creature of flesh and blood as any heroine in lyric or dramatic existence. The spiritual element, no doubt, has had its charms for the composer in his choice of Goethe's *Faust*, and M. Gounod shows decidedly to greatest advantage in his vague and abstract imaginings. MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier have departed but little from the poem of the German poet, and have employed the very incidents and characters already used at the Nouveautés, and the Italiens (with music by Mademoiselle Bertin), and at the Porte St. Martin, when Frederick Lemaitre played the part of Mephistopheles—to say nothing of the work of M. Hector Berlioz produced on various occasions in the saloons of Paris. But not only is the story of *Faust* hackneyed, it is, in my opinion, ill-adapted to operatic purposes. At all events M. Gounod has not proved to the contrary in his new work, which leaves the question as to his capabilities for dramatic writing as unsettled as ever. Nothing within the means of the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique has been left undone to secure a triumphant reception for the opera, which, notwithstanding, achieved but a moderate success. Madame Miolan-Carvalho sang and acted admirably in the part of Marguerite. M. Barbot made but an indifferent hero—voice, tenderness, and passion being all wanting. I cannot argue a prosperous career for the new opera.

Tamberlik made his first appearance in the *Trovatore*, and not in *Otello*, as originally announced; the want of a Desdemona, I suspect, being the true cause. Madame Castellan, I understand, is engaged, and will make her first appearance for some years, in *Otello*, with Tamberlik. The season of the Italiens, now drawing to a close, is not likely to prove remunerative. There have been many seeming faults of administration, but, in my opinion, M. Calzado has not been so much to blame as is generally believed.

## THE STANDARD-BEARERS OF THE MUSICAL FUTURE.\*

CONSIDERING the indignation excited in the musical circles of Berlin, Weimar, and Breslau, by the "triple cause of scandal" occasioned by the professors of the Music of the Future, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the organ of that party, could not well avoid breaking a lance like every one else in this martial episode, and consequently the noble Leipzig periodical has entered the lists with a whole string of articles. "Applause and hissing at a concert," "Liszt's Back-

sliding," "Seasonable Observations"—so run the titles of these harangues and apologies. The importance of the dispute to music, far more than the attack directed against ourselves, induces us to meet our opponent in the field.

Among the musical class papers, with which Germany is blessed, and the effusions in which we, as is but right and proper, carefully study, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, by displaying a sharply defined tendency, by openly wearing a certain colour, by bearing high aloft the standard of its party, and by being, in its way, well conducted, stands prominently forth. Although the skirmishers and volunteers it sends into the field may frequently go to work less conscientiously, and, at all events, more impetuously and sharply than is requisite, we must give the editorial department credit for a fidelity to its convictions which is worthy of respect, and, as a general rule, for a suitable and becoming tone.

On this account we cannot help regretting the more deeply that, in the present controversy, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* employs expressions which it would have done better to avoid. Our Berlin correspondent wrote, some time since: "At the conclusion of the *Symphonic Poem* by Liszt, a few enthusiastic admirers of the 'Future' broke out into approving applause; the far greater majority of those present, however, protested, in a very unmistakable and energetic fashion, against this, and reduced the applauders to silence." The *Neue Zeitschrift* calls this a "lie" and a "perversion." "The applause bore to the hisses about the rates of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{3}$ ," it says. Now the tendency and tone of our paper ought to be sufficiently well-known to the *Neue Zeitschrift* to cause the latter to exclude, once and for ever, such expressions from its columns. Whether, in this case, there may have been an error on our side, we will, for the present, leave an open question. The *Neue Zeitschrift* will allow it is natural that we should place perfect confidence in the words of our reporter. We will simply observe hisses standing to applause in the ratio of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{3}$  would never have been able to make themselves heard, and that, under those circumstances, Herr von Bülow would never have allowed himself to be betrayed into such an ebullition of feeling. On the contrary, it requires a large majority of hisses to render themselves audible above a few applauders.

In the article "Applause and Hissing," the *Neue Zeitschrift* asserts that "it has no idea of wishing to recommend generally, and as a custom worthy of imitation for the Future, the conduct of its worthy friend." We gladly receive this declaration, as well as the avowal, further on, that: "the means selected by its worthy friend of addressing the audience was not very happy," and that "a reply through the press would have been preferable." We will, also, willingly presume that the artist, as the *Neue Zeitschrift* gives us to understand, allowed himself to be carried away by a "momentary ebullition." But the *Neue Zeitschrift* thinks itself bound, on the other hand, to refer to many things which, if possessing any foundation, would not merely excuse, but, in some degree, justify Herr von Bülow's conduct.

The first subject involved is "the mutual relations of artists and the public." The *Neue Zeitschrift* asserts that the latter, often unjustly, considers itself as the "judge before whom the artist is brought as an accused person;" that it fancies itself the "highest judicial tribunal from which there is no appeal," while, "quite as often, if not oftener, it is compelled to take the part of a scholar desirous of learning." Furthermore, the *Neue Zeitschrift* is of opinion that the position of artists in the last century "was a deplorable one," and that people "most decidedly viewed music only as a superior means of diverting and entertaining themselves," Beethoven having been the first "to get the serious side of the question appreciated," but that, in spite of this, the artist is still always regarded "as a person entirely dependent on the public." "There is consequently sufficient reason," it continues, "why a number of aspiring young artists should, in the spirit of modern times, and as true imitators of that which the great men of the past commenced, endeavour to raise themselves and their art out of this degrading position, directing their efforts to the attainment of a higher aim, and determining to consider as the supreme standard not the approbation or disapprobation of the mass, but their own artistic conscience." The "most celebrated artists," says the *Neue Zeitschrift*, are anxious "to spurn such light triumphs, in order to introduce something more sterling, and educate the public up to it. This is the course pursued by Madame Clara Schumann, Joachim, Singer, Damrosch, Bronsart, Bülow, Rubinstein, Jaell, &c."

These assertions of the *Neue Zeitschrift* appear to us to mix up what is true with what is incorrect, and, consequently, rather to divert attention from the real matter of dispute than to tend to decide it. The public is not the highest judicial authority deciding on the

\* Translated for the *Musical World* from the *Vienna Recensionen*.

\* See the *Musical World*, No. 8, p. 118.



real value of a composition for all ages—that is right. But just as little is the professional artist, as such, “a higher authority,” whose judgment on his own work or that of others, is, in our opinion, final. The artist also is, in this case, an interested person, and cannot sit as judge in his own cause. The artist should not “court the favour of the public,” but, notwithstanding, he should not deny the latter the respect due to it. It is, doubtless, highly meritorious of artists to endeavour to introduce “sterling” works. But then *what is sterling?* This is easily decided, when we have to do with old works, whose value is historically more or less settled. But who is to decide finally on the worth of works by contemporaries? Not the professional artist alone, we presume? Let him act in accordance with his conviction, but let him allow others to enjoy their conviction as well as himself. Let him lay before the public, and before criticism, what he thinks fit—only he must not force it upon them. At all times, and in every instance—as the *Neue Zeitschrift* ought to know—we have advocated the production of novelties of every kind and every style. We esteem every artist who labours in this spirit. But we recognise also the right of the public to a far more extended freedom of opinion than that “of a scholar desirous of learning.” The position of an artist towards the public is not that of a person accused of an offence; on the contrary, the relation existing between the artist and the public is that of two contracting parties, of two individuals equally bound towards each other. The public pays for its place; devotes to the works performed its attention and sympathy; and, finally, expresses its approbation or disapprobation. The artist, on the other hand, is bound to adhere strictly to the programme announced; to give timely notice of, or to apologise becomingly for, any alterations in it; to devote all his powers to the task he has undertaken, and to accept patiently the decision of the public, even though that decision be an adverse one. After the performance, it is the duty of class papers to subject the work, as well as the performance of the artists and the decision of the public, to an investigation, the results of which are explained and corrected by the clash of conflicting opinions, and corroborated or refuted by the Future, to which we appeal quite as much as the *Neue Zeitschrift*.

Even our opponent declares, however, that it is “only logical that the public should have the right of manifesting its displeasure as well as its approbation.” The *Neue Zeitschrift* “decidedly takes this right under its protection,” and asserts that “it is a piece of over-sensitiveness to feel hurt at it.” This is another important admission. But the *Neue Zeitschrift* adds: “There must be intelligence, there must be sagacity in the manifestations of the public, if we are to respect them; the public must, at the same time, prove, by its behaviour, that, in social respects as well, it possesses a requisite amount of education, if it would be allowed to take, in any way, an active part in the proceedings. If such is not the case, the public—or, at least, that fraction of it which is concerned—must make up its mind to suffer a rebuke.” Granting that the *Neue Zeitschrift* starts here from a right principle, we cannot see what but criticism can correct the decision of the public. Anything like a *rebuke* is entirely out of the question, especially on the part of the artist, who, as we have remarked above, stands in the position not of a judge, but of a contracting party, with equal rights, towards the public, if the latter is wrong or prejudiced. When the *Neue Zeitschrift* advances the assertion that, in the case of the hissing at Berlin, “there was neither rhyme nor reason,” and adds the grounds which have led it to the conclusion that works like Liszt’s *Symphonic Poems* are “not disposed of by hissing,” it only avails itself of the indisputable right of a critic to announce his own personal conviction, and to fix the position of those who agree with him. This is the mission and duty of the journalist. But when an artist wants to turn out those who hiss, because they appear in his eyes to act unreasonably, this is as unjustifiable as it is an inconsiderate course, which, in the interest of a free expression of feeling on the part of the public, must be rejected with a protest, and designated as altogether untenable.

If, now, we consider the question from the point of view of criticism, that is to say, from the only one justifiable in this case, we agree with the *Neue Zeitschrift*, in thinking that “at respectable artistic performances,” and with moderate applause from the opposite party, silence is best. But we must again remind our readers of the fact that not only our own reporter, but nearly all the journalists who have expressed an opinion on the matter, describe the hissing as the natural consequence of the exaggerated applause, a circumstance we are the more inclined to believe, as nearly the same thing occurred at the performance of a *Symphonic Poem* of this sort in Vienna (March 8th, 1857). We then stated, (*Monatschrift*, year III., p. 228), “that at the conclusion a portion of the public clapped violently, while evidently the majority—among whom were some concert-goers of the

most peaceable disposition—hissed quite as violently.” We think we must seek the meaning of these repeated demonstrations, partly in the unsatisfactory impression the works in question produce upon a large number of musicians and laymen; and, further, in the opinion, which is tolerably general, and, it strikes us, perfectly justified, that, in the present instance, we have precisely to deal with “deplorable aberrations,” which offer no prospect of amelioration, because they are founded upon completely false principles, and upon a completely erroneous notion of the end as well as the nature of musical composition. Lastly, it is beyond a doubt that such manifestations of disapprobation are induced by the obtrusive behaviour of the party of the Future—and we can assure the *Neue Zeitschrift* itself, that, though written assuredly with the best intentions, its articles have no small share in causing such storms to burst on the heads of its friends.

Personal dislike had, we should say, the least share in the matter. At any rate, we believe we can answer for Vienna. The admiration which Liszt excited here, years ago, as a player, still favourably influences the minds of many lovers of music for him as a genial individual. Nor are people prejudiced beforehand against each separate so-called Musician of the Future. A sufficient proof of this is afforded by the favourable reception of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. With regard to our own paper especially, we may remind our readers that we willingly acknowledged Wagner’s talent, whenever we thought we could perceive a trace of it in his works (*Monatschrift*, article on *Tannhäuser*, Year III., p. 465—article on *Lohengrin*, Year IV., p. 434), and that the very *Symphonic Poem* in question was criticised, although unfavourably, quietly and minutely by our Berlin reporter (No. 6 of the *Recensionen*). Nor do we hesitate acknowledging in a suitable way Liszt’s exertions in producing new works at the Weimar theatre. No inconsiderable number of composers—Schubert, Schumann, Dorn, Hoven, Saloman, Hartmann, Rubinstein, Schmidt, Cornelius, Raff, Lassen, and Sobolewski—are indebted to him for a hospitable and liberal reception of their compositions. We may lament that he was not very happy in the selection of these novelties, and yet praise his efforts themselves. The Leipzig paper does the last, to the best of its ability, and no one blames it for so doing. But it goes much further: it claims for the *Capellmeister* of the Weimar Court Concerts, with regard to his functions at the theatre, a perfectly exceptional position. “His co-operation in the management of the Opera,” it says, “has always been voluntary.”

We took the liberty, in No. 4 of the *Recensionen*, to speak of Liszt as a “conductor who forgets to such an extent the respect due to the public, and the duties imposed by his office, that he allows himself to be so far carried away as to play the part of a volunteer *claqueur*.” To this, the *Neue Zeitschrift* replies: “When any one, purely for the interest of art, undertakes the functions of a conductor, his duties are not exactly great, especially at a Court theatre, where they are exercised in a preponderating degree merely for the Court, while the public is simply admitted, without having any claim to the same consideration as in a public theatre.” We leave it to the Weimar public to thank the *Neue Zeitschrift* for the position thus assigned it. Yet it is a strange thing to dispute the consideration and the freedom of opinion of a paying public! But no—we are wrong; the *Neue Zeitschrift* only objects “that the artist should be the obedient servant of the public, the weathercock turning round in obedience to the current of air that may for the moment be blowing in the public mind.” Our opponent is of opinion that “the feeling of consideration should be *mutual*,” and that, too, in such a way that, “if freedom of expressing its opinion is demanded for the public, the same must be conceded to the artist likewise, provided the right of such manifestations is allowed him, generally, and he is not required to be wholly neutral.” This last, however, we are told, “has, up to the present time, by no means been the case.” But here we must interrupt our opponent, for, as far as we know, it has always and everywhere been a tacitly understood rule that artists should restrict themselves to the performance of their professional task, and express neither approbation nor disapproval. In other words, to speak plainly: the public has always an indisputable right to express *diversity* of opinion, the utmost we can wish being that it should avail itself of this with moderation. The artists actively engaged have, on the other hand, no right whatever to indulge in such manifestations. If they really allow themselves to be carried away, and—as, according to the *Neue Zeitschrift*, is frequently the case in Leipzig—take part in the applause of the public, even this is not proper; but, in especial cases, the error is overlooked, because a unanimously enthusiastic audience can hardly feel affronted at the adhesion of the members of the orchestra. When, however, the public is unfavourably inclined, or divided in opinion, every artist possessing any tact will refrain from mixing himself up in the matter, in an uncalled-for way, contrary both to rule and propriety.

With regard to the duties of a conductor in Weimar or anywhere else, we think we may assume that the observance of such reserve ought not to be wanting in the list of those duties. Whether a man enters on a sphere of public activity, partly for the sake of gain, or "purely for the interest of Art"—neither of these motives is less honourable than the other, but both are equally binding as far as the public is concerned. A conductor, whoever he may be, directly he steps into his seat, is answerable for his actions, not only to his patrons, but to the public, to criticism, and, in a word, according to his sphere of activity, to the whole artistic world.

But the honourable infatuation of the *Neue Zeitschrift* is comical, when, in conclusion, it refers to the "difference of rank," and alludes to Liszt's "importance and position in the world," even winding up by conjuring from the grave an old anecdote of the time when Goethe was minister. Liszt's importance as a first-rate player and as a clever individual, no one will dispute. But, in our opinion, a great artist, with a consciousness of his own value, should be all the more strict in fulfilling his professional duties. What Liszt's "position in the world" has to do with the subject under discussion, we do not know. With regard, however, to Goethe—if it is true that, when the Weimar public once happened to laugh at something taking place on the stage, he leaned out of his box, and exclaimed: "Let no one laugh"—the most profound and most unshakable admiration for the great man is insufficient to prevent us from saying, with regret, that such an observation, no matter from what noble feeling it arose, scarcely loses any of its arrogance and involuntary comicality even from the lips of a Goethe. What would be the effect of anything similar from another individual!

The *Neue Zeitschrift* could not have concluded its investigation and explanation more unfortunately than by this insulting reference to a moment of weakness on the part of the immortal writer. Or did it, perhaps, want to prove to us that, even now-a-days, a man at Weimar may occupy "a position in the world" and yet have moments of weakness, without being a Goethe?

## SCOTLAND'S WELCOME TO DR. MARK

AND HIS

### TALANTED BAND OF LITTLE MEN!

(Communicated.)

A thousand welcomes ring around

Each mountain and each glen,

For this Musician great and good,

And for his Little Men:

We welcome them with heart and soul,

And, 'midst the joyous throng,

Why! plaudits reach the skies above,

To greet those Sons of Song!

Thrice worthy Doctor—welcome here,

To Scotia's honoured land;

A thousand hands will grasp thine own,

And press thy little band:

These "bonnie bairns" are dear to all,

Where loving hearts are met;

And Scotland! bravest of the brave,

Ne'er failed to greet them yet.

Rise! Daughters of our glorious land—

The land of Wallace—Burns—

And Robert Bruce—and others great,

Wherever history turns:

Rise! to applaud the Doctor here,

Support him with your might;

And let the Thistle show the Rose

We hail them with delight!

Rise! Sons of bonnie Scotland, too,

Brave hearts as true as steel:

Be up in thousands—welcome them—

Your sympathies reveal:

Let Scotland in her might arise,

To greet this clever Band,

And pay to them the homage of

Each Scottish heart and hand!

22nd March, 1859.

L . . . . S . . . .

## THE NORMAL DIAPASON.

(Continued from page 206.)

THE Commission has, therefore, the honour to propose that your Excellency should institute a uniform diapason for all the musical establishments of France, and decide that the tuning-fork giving the A should be fixed at 870 vibrations a second.

With regard to the measures to be taken for the adoption and preservation of the new diapason, the Commission is of opinion, Monsieur le Ministre, that it would be advisable:—

1.—That a model tuning-fork, giving 870 vibrations a second, at a temperature of 15 degrees, centigrade, should be constructed under the direction of competent persons, named by your Excellency.

2.—That your Excellency should fix, for Paris and the departments, an epoch after which the new diapason should become obligatory.

3. That the state of the tuning-forks and instruments in all theatres, schools, and other musical establishments, should be submitted to the inspection of proper officers (*à des vérifications administratives*).

We trust, Monsieur le Ministre, that, for the sake of unity of the diapason, and to render these measures as comprehensive as possible, you will kindly exert yourself with his Excellency the Minister of War, to procure the adoption of the diapason, thus amended, into the regiments of the army, and with his Excellency the Minister of Commerce, in order that, for the future, musical instruments made in conformity with this diapason may alone be admitted to contend for the prizes offered at the Industrial Expositions. We solicit, also, your Excellency's intervention so that this diapason may be the only one authorized and employed in all the Communal Schools of France where music is taught.

Lastly the Commission requests, Monsieur le Ministre, your kind intervention with his Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, in order that, for the future, the organs he may order to be built or repaired may be tuned according to the new diapason.

Such, Monsieur le Ministre, are the measures which strike the Commission as necessary, in order to secure and consolidate the success of the change that the adoption of a uniform diapason would introduce in our musical habits (*mœurs musicales*). Order and regularity would be established where chance, caprice, and carelessness now sometimes reign; the study of singing would be pursued under more favourable circumstances; and the human voice, having its ambition less excited, would be subjected to less rough trials. The instrument trade, by aiding in these measures might, perhaps, be enabled to improve still more its products, already in such request. It is not unworthy the government of a great nation to busy itself with questions of this kind, which may appear futile, but which possess a real importance for their own. Art is not indifferent to the care taken of it. It requires to be loved, in order to fructify and spread, and elevate the hearts and minds of men. Every one knows with what love, with what ardent and rigorous uneasiness the Greeks, who were animated by so lively and profound a sentiment of art, watched over the preservation of the laws regulating their music. By directing your attention to the dangers to which an excessive love of sonority may expose musical art, and by endeavouring to establish a rule, a measure, a principle, your Excellency has afforded a fresh proof of the enlightened interest you take in the fine arts generally. The friends of music thank you, Monsieur le Ministre—those who have devoted to it their whole life as well as those who dedicate to it their leisure moments; those who speak the harmonious language of tune, as well as those who merely understand its beauties.

We have the honour respectfully to remain,

Monsieur le Ministre,

Your Excellency's very humble and very devoted Servants,

J. Pelliteier, President; F. Halévy, Reporter;

Auber, Berlioz, Despretz, Camille Doucet,

Lissajous, General Mellinet, Meyerbeer,

Ed. Monnais, Rossini, Ambroise Thomas.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S celebrated pictures of "the Maid and the Magpie," "Shoeing the Mare, etc.," together with Mr. Frith's renowned "Derby Day," that faithful reflex of a peculiarly English scene, have, in conjunction with the other works of modern artists, kindly lent by Jacob Bell, Esq., been drawing a large number of admirers of art to the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution during the week. The collection remains on view till the 9th inst., inclusive.

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CHARACTER AND PROPER EMPLOYMENT OF EVERY INSTRUMENT USED IN REED BANDS.

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**THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT, CASH ACCOUNT AND BALANCE SHEET** to the 31st December last, as laid before the Members of **THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**, at the General Meeting on Wednesday, 16th February, 1859, is now printed, and may be had on a written or personal application at the Society's Office, 39, King-street, Cheapside, E.C. To the Report and Accounts is appended a list of Bonuses paid on the Claims of the year 1858.

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